The Universalist Leader

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Men who insist that these and other theological formulas are vital to the perpetuation of Christianity are without exception men who have mistaken religion's first definition. They define Christianitly, implicity in some cases but explicitly in most, as a conspectus of asserted facts, a chain of beliefs, assenting to which makes a man a Christian. And of course from that premise, if a man shifts his assent to a more or less different set of facts, then he becomes something else than a Christian. It is hard, however, to characterize calmly the distortion of Christianity which results from this misconception. It has failed to be ruinous only because a multitude of those who intellectually adhere to the dogmatic conception of religion enjoy a very different reality of it spiritually. For Christianity is not a dogma but a life. (*Continent.*)

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Prohibition can never be understood, and will not be supported, until it is seen for what it really is—not an instance of puritanical fanaticism, not an attempt by a single group of society to impose upon the social whole a standard of artificial morality, but a simple, natural and logical extension of society's duty, long since conceded by all enlightened and right-minded persons, to control its own life to ends of health, happiness, security and mutual welfare. (*John Haynes Holmes.*)

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So far, it appears that no method has been found of frustrating the plans of those whiskey-laden vessels which, while technically on the high seas though actually in our own front yard, ride at anchor three miles and six inches from the shore line waiting for the dark of the moon or other favorable opportunity to send their contraband goods ashore. There ought to be some provision corresponding to the police regulations against loitering, some way to tell these people to "move on;" but there is not. They are on their own side of the three-mile line. But now we decide to control our side of the three-mile line, which includes the harbors; and so the stocks of liquor of several liners have been seized and the great uproar goes forth as to the fanatical and unlawful procedure. Whether fanatical or not, it is certainly not illegal and the comment that occurs most forcibly to us is that those people who pride themselves upon being good sports are showing very poor sportsmanship. They take the last inch of technical advantage when it is in their interest and whine when the same technicality is applied against them. (*Christian Century.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE GREAT NECESSITY

SOME one, we do not know who, has referred to God recently as The Great Necessity. The words made little impression at the time, but have kept coming back. At first thought God appears to be anything but that. The majority of us rush on about our daily business without much thought about God. On Sundays we drive full speed past churches where some immature, well-meaning young fellow is drearily enunciating platitudes or ignorantly attacking science, art, literature and other things of culture. On week days, our fascinating business, our comfortable home, our children, our garden, our stock, our dog, our lodge, our club, fill life with happy and useful things.

Only in peril or sickness do we begin to think about God.

We are missing the necessary element of human happiness. God is the great necessity for understanding the riddles of the universe, for bearing its burdens, for appreciating its beauty and joy.

If you doubt the truth of these words, test it and prove it by stopping to speak reverently and familiarly with God each day as if He really did exist. "At evening, at morning, at noonday pray," and you will know that He hears your voice.

* *

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW US

WE begin to-day a series of short editorials for those who do not know us.

Recently several hundred people have joined our *Leader* family who do not know anything about the Universalist Church.

Do not be alarmed. We are not going to try to proselyte. We know your churches even if some of you do not know ours. We have a warm affection for Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Baptists, Catholics and scores of others. The Editor preaches in many such churches. He has business relations, social relations, and precious relations of association in public welfare work with the members of these churches.

We know your family well whether you know us or not. And we want you to know us.

Why? Because fundamentally we believe in the same things and want the same things. Because people who want right things need to stand shoulder to shoulder against the real evils and the real dangers of the world. Because understanding never provoked a wrong and always sets scores of things right. One of the best things said recently by the President of the United States was said to the people of Alaska: "I come as an ambassador of understanding."

If there are people who don't want to understand or who won't try to understand, they are the people who have committed or are committing the unforgivable sin—not from God's side but their own side.

This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men prefer darkness rather than light.

So read, you new members of the family, find out who we are—not to leave your own beloved and useful church, and not to agree with us necessarily, but to grow in knowledge and culture yourselves, to understand better a group of Christians whom now at least you have heard about, to defend us against false assertions, to state our true belief and, above all, to be fair to us, help others to be fair to us, and thus be fair and true to yourselves.

* *

IS THE CHURCH INEFFICIENT?

EVERY little while we hear the statement that the Church is unbusinesslike and inefficient in its methods. But just about as often we get a revelation of how inefficient and unbusinesslike business men can be when they undertake to carry forward public movements.

Quite recently a campaign, which had among its sponsors Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, had to admit that it had spent practically one-third of all it raised in the expenses of its campaign, and its executive officers declared the expenditure did not seem disproportionate because all such national campaigns averaged 33 1-3 per cent.

When it is remembered that the total expense incurred in our Million Dollar Drive was a little more than 1 per cent of the amount raised; that during the past five years we have raised some hundreds of thousands of dollars in addition for various philanthropic enterprises, at an actual cost so small as to be negligible, and that other organizations are doing much the same thing, the criticism of unbusinesslike

and inefficient methods does not seem to have much foundation in fact.

The Interchurch World Movement practically collapsed under the weight of such criticism, and even then its administrative costs did not approach that of many business promotions.

* *

"THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG"

A POPULAR writer, whose movements are chronicled in the daily papers, and whose recent novel has become one of the best sellers, makes her heroine express herself in this manner:

"All these centuries we've been told to profit by the advice of our elders. What's living for if not to experience? How can any one know whether you are right or wrong? Oh, I don't mean about small things. . . . But the big things—those things I want to decide for myself. I'm entitled to my own mistakes. I've the right to be wrong."

This is an accurate expression of the conviction and conduct of many young persons in our day, and of some older persons too. They claim the right to do as they think or please. If it turns out that the conduct is in accord with the conventions of Society, very well; if it turns out that the conduct shocks older people, so much the better and the more interesting. They go their own way and pursue their pleasures, and whether those pleasures are right or wrong, at any rate they are experienced, and experience is the great thing, and well worth all the risks involved.

Now there is an element of truth in this claim. Life is for experience. Young people have a right to live at first hand, and not at second hand. They have a right to come to close grips with the realities of life, and also to walk in paths of pleasure. They are not in the wrong when they claim their souls are their own, that their lives must be and shall be lived by them as their experience determines and requires. Life is an experiment, and they claim the right to try their own experiments and thus get their experiences. This attitude of many young persons is an admirable trait. They are not "afraid," as Clutton-Brock says, "of their own experiencing-power."

It is admitted that there is some danger involved in this attitude. They may go headlong and heedless on their way, and soon come to grief. They may think they are eating edible mushrooms only to find by tragic experience in the other world that they dined on poisonous toadstools. A professor in chemistry in one of our leading institutions met his new class in the laboratory, and told them what happened to some students of a former class in their bungling attempts at an experiment, and pointed to a hole in the ceiling as an abiding indication of the experiment, and then dismissed the class. It was their first lesson. There was no "lecturing" nor "preaching" about safety. He left it to them to draw their own conclusions. Of course, the students did not give up studying chemistry, nor making experiments, but they learned the wisdom of caution in dealing with the forces of nature and of learning from the experiments and experiences of others.

Now this is the larger wisdom which all persons need to acquire, and none so much as eager, venturesome youth. We may bid them live their own lives, make their own experiments, seek for new experiences, but also to remember that others have lived before them who have tried many experiments, some with incalculable benefit to themselves, and others with tragic consequences to themselves and to those who loved them above all else in the world. Wisdom requires that we recognize these facts of life, and that we avail ourselves of the constructive and beneficial experiments, and avoid destructive and death-dealing experiments. The margin for new experiments is large enough to satisfy all persons without repeating the tragic blunders of others. Daily life is the laboratory wherein we may observe the experiments that make or unmake men and women. Let us increase the number of the wise, not of the fools.

D. E.

* *

"ADVERTISING THE CHURCH"

IN an article under this title, published in the March number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Charles A. Selden gives some very interesting observations upon the sensational methods employed by some ministers to secure publicity. We agree with Mr. Selden when he says that "the sensationalists are cheapening religion by grotesque methods." But when he declares that the Christian Science Church does the least advertising of any Church in America, he betrays his ignorance of the subject. We believe that there is not a Church in this country which exceeds the Christian Science Church in advertising. But we are not criticising that Church for its wise practise of making good use of publicity *matter*.

Continuing his portrayal of some of the crude, spectacular and sensational methods which some ministers use, the author says:

"The Church has tremendous need of discovering the sort of publicity which will arouse in every man or woman what will make him or her want to go go to church for religion and worship and not because of the expectation of sensational lesser things. The something which may be thus aroused and appealed to is inherent in every man and every woman."

But—some of the newspapers and ministers discovered long ago a method which does just that thing which he advocates. Apparently Mr. Selden never heard of it. People need that something which the Church has to give. They very often are not conscious of their need. The *Syracuse Post-Standard* years ago made a practise of publishing on Saturdays advertisements which were designed to make people conscious of their need. The *Baltimore News* likewise published half-page advertisements written by experts. The ministers of Concord, New Hampshire, in 1919 inaugurated a campaign of church advertising in that city which produced results. A similar campaign is now being conducted. It is not spectacular. It is not cheap. It is not sensational. It is an honest, earnest endeavor to make people realize the value and necessity of church-going.

If Mr. Selden would like to see some real advertising we advise him to send to the Unitarian Laymen's League and receive a copy of the booklet—"Advertising and Mobilizing." In it he will fnd many dignified, compelling advertisements in the interest of making people realize their need of the Church.

H. H. N

Front Porch Studies

IT is reported on good authority that in a small back country community it is the custom of the masculine members of the population to gather in front of the country store at certain seasons and, seated on the wooden bench provided for them, to commune with themselves and each other, for days at a time without regard for the eight-hour law. An inquiring stranger, noting this custom, was moved to inquire of one of the group what they did all the time, and received in reply this information: "Wal, stranger, we who are regular here just set and think, but mostly we just set."

Which reminds me in some ways of my Front Porch, where "I set and think, but mostly just set." This morning I think I will think a little, being inspired to thought by a small sheaf of letters the postman has handed me. These letters are all from brother and sister ministers and they compel my thought.

In the first place I face the question, why do they all write to me? Some of them are old friends, but in this bunch there are more whom I have never known personally. The old friends I feel I have a right to hold up for some attention, and I appreciate their offerings, but among the others I know by reputation that there are those who have differed from me in matters of church policy, and who, being of the sect called radical or progressive, not only look upon me as a back number, but have been pleased to tell me so, and yet their letters are flowing with milk and honey, and they more than intimate their affection for me and appreciation of my services.

Now this is as it should be. In a big, broad Church like ours there must and should be differences of opinion, which need never disturb personal relations any more than is salutary. A perfect unity is made up, not of sameness, but of diversity, where each part supplements every other part. Unless we can maintain a position of supermen, we all have need of the other fellow, and the more he differs from us, yet maintaining his vital connection with that which is essential, the greater his worth and our efficiency. And there is no thought that I can think more, and sometimes I think better, than the thought of our fine elastic fellowship in which there is room for all.

Now here is a letter from one of the "radicals" so called, who is one of the noisy kind. He is a young man only a very few years out of the divinity school. I knew him there all through his course as one of the brightest minded among the students, keen, quick-witted, with a grace of speech, and withal a great, warm and tender heart towards his fellow men, and I picked him for large service. But about the time he graduated his ambition for good things overthrew his judgment as to how to get them. He began a course of mental speculation—how to get rich quick, and spectacularly! Every new scheme of bettering the world caught him and then, instead of throwing himself into the new scheme with his whole heart, he announced certain factors of it and then began to antagonize his old Church, which included me!

Oh, but what of it? He used to call me "Old Mossback" in most loving tones, and say he loved me down to the ground, but he was so far removed from me in theological and social thought and spirit that he was in a different world, and yet here is another letter from him just now overflowing with love and sympathy and wishing I was back making trouble for him just as of yore.

That letter is just an example, extreme it may be, but a real sample of the spirit of fellowship possible in the encircling and elastic restraints of our big Church.

Here is another letter from a big man, whom circumstances have thrown into close relations with another Church, and he has seen the great good in it, and the charm of its ministerial personality, and he is saying why should not we two walk in the same path instead of in paths that are parallel? For years he has protested my blocking the way of unity and progress, but now he writes a fine, cordial, brotherly letter in which he more than intimates that in spite of my faults he loves me still, and thanks God that we are different and have a Church big enough to be different in without crowding each other out.

The letter from a sister minister comes next, and if I had my hat on I should take it off to her, for she is no imitation of a male parson, but a good minister of Jesus Christ with a record of achievement of which any could be proud. She has not lost her personality, and personally she has frankly told me that she hates me, all because I could not agree with her on some matters of church policy, but in her letter she seems to have forgotten the small items about which there are differences of opinion, and in the wide horizon of our faith feels the spirit of fellowship big enough to be effective in many ways.

One of our bravest and hardest working and most efficient ministers finds time, though how he does it I do not know, to write me very frequently. He reminds me of Thackeray, who when he was traveling in this country used to write letters to his friend, James T. Fields. These letters might consist of four lines or four pages of foolscap! There might be half a dozen a day or none for two weeks. That is, he wrote as he would talk at the happen-meetings. So this busy minister writes of his doings and often of his failings. He never preaches to me, though oft he sends a bit of his sermon preached to other people and I find them good, and conscientiously steal their good ideas against the time when I am to preach again! Of course I can not answer all these letters, being limited as to what and how much I can do and how much help I can have in doing it. But I am grateful that I am still in his companionship, as in days of old, and verily, he shall have his reward, for with God all things are possible!

Next a great big manly minister, worth far more than the two cents postage it cost to get him here. His letter is a hasty scrawl. I know he is on edge for the next duty. He has been tested and not found wanting in the small country parish, in the big city church and in important official position. Integrity of thought, honesty of action and kindness of heart make him

the noble man and successful minister. We have never quarreled because he is always on the right side —that is, my side! His letter is a tonic, but not in danger of the Volstead law.

Here is quite a long letter from the best man I have ever known. If I were to write his name hundreds of other ministers would shout, "That is so." But he is so modest I spare him. He has come near to reproducing the life of the Master. We have been friends for many years, but I know of many another minister who has never seen him receiving a message of good cheer from him to lift him from the valley of discouragement. His splendid letter, breathing the spirit of happiness and confidence right out of his heart of faith and love like that of the Master, is worth more than many eminent physicians or little imitations of Mrs. Eddy. If you want to know who he is just wait till you get to heaven and you will find him very near the throne, unless he is out on an errand of mercy, which will be more than likely.

But here are enough illustrations of what I am thinking this morning, though I could and would like to go on and on through the long list of those who have wrought "writeousness" unto me, but I am reminded by one of the very best ministers of us all, one who has a wonderful vision of our Church made great in and for service, that we must conserve our white paper if we would send our message of good cheer to all the world. So I will think myself into conclusion for this morning, that I may think another day.

Here is the whole matter in a few words. We have a Church of the largest liberty in a practical working fellowship. We have need of these young progressives, who are like a Columbus of a new world of opportunity and obligation. We have need of the old mossbacks like me, who have eaten the meringue off and are down to the pie. We have need of the minister to the big red-blooded men who often do more talking than doing, and no less need of the minister to the dear old ladies of the sewing circle, who are the efficient and loyal reserves, who not only come to the rescue with the munitions of war, but are the inspiration of the boys in the trenches, who have borne the Christian Church on their devoted shoulders for lo, these many centuries. It takes a big minister to preach to them, for they are wise to many things not printed in books.

We ministers are, or ought to be, like unto the earlier apostles of our Master, some great and some small, but all one in his spirit, and it may be that in the great sometime that is to be we shall discover the small are really the great and the great the small.

Some day, let us hope and pray, we may conserve all our forces, whether big or little, and have thus a ministry worthy of the high calling to which we are called.

Brethren, let us love one another, though one ride in a Pierce Arrow, and another push a wheelbarrow; we are all headed in the same direction.

F. A. B.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXIX A Pilgrimage to the Taj Mahal

John van Schaick, Jr.

INTO the Victoria Station, Bombay, we rolled this morning a little before eight, after the most strenuous and most illuminating overland trip some of us have ever taken in our lives.

We spent two nights and a day on a sleeper going and two nights and a day on a sleeper returning, to have a single day from sunrise to moonrise at Agra. We endured the heat of the interior of India in the hottest month of the year, we risked whatever danger there may have been in an outbreak of plague which kept us from Delhi, we traveled 843 miles going and 843 coming back, and we faced exposure, fatigue, uncertain food and other things innumerable, just to see the "Taj Mahal."

And having said all this, let me add that it was well worth it, and the trip was not half bad.

On Sunday at one of the way stations going up, an official said that the temperature was 103 degrees in the shade. A lady with a thermometer claimed that it got up to 108 degrees in her compartment that afternoon. Certain it was that the blast which came into the windows from the rush of the train was like that from the open doors of a furnace. But when the sun went down, it cooled off. Nights were comfortable. Many of the passengers had compartments with electric fans and some were lucky enough to draw shower baths. Everybody had the use of two large dining cars which served the three usual meals of excellent quality and, in addition, at 6 a. m. tea or coffee and toast, and afternoon tea with unlimited ice. And perhaps most important of all from a health standpoint was the fact that the heat itself had no humidity about it, it was dry and exhilarating rather than depressing, and everybody, old folks and young, invalids and well people, came through it in a way to make us wonder why we questioned it so much in advance.

But if it did mean sacrifice, if it really were toil instead of recreation for many folks, I do not know of anybody who is sorry that he went. A few say, "I am glad I have been, but never again," but most of us feel that our feet have been set upon a threshold which in future days we hope to cross.

The trip was a fair substitute for the overland trip across India which 600 of us missed in going around by Ceylon. It let us penetrate to the heart of the continent. It made us realize something of the size of India —1,900 miles from north to south and 1,900 miles at the widest point from east to west. It took us into regions totally different from what we had seen of India before.

In place of the races of the coast we were all day among the drovers, herdsmen, and farmers of Central India and the United Provinces. Instead of the fertile valley of the Ganges, we crossed the high, dry plateaus of the interior. We saw the country which burns up before the rains come, but which supplies grain for millions when it is watered, the grazing

country with thousands of cattle, goats, zebu and water buffaloes. All day Sunday as we were going up and all day yesterday coming back, we watched the great trek of cattle to the streams. And as we went hour after hour in the heat and saw the millions of acres of dry land under cultivation and all the brown pastures, we realized what it has meant to India in times past when the rains have not come and the cattle have died and people have starved, as happened in 1896-'97 and 1907-'08.

We learned on this trip about the stupendous irrigation schemes which have been completed in some parts of India and are under way in other parts, and which everywhere mean the end of famine. At home we hear more about the unrest of India, the Gandhi movement, and the possibility of revolution, but the biggest thing in modern India is "water." The huge irrigation projects like that in the Bombay Presidency and the Sarda Canal project will supply water for millions of acres of fertile soil. In 1919 twenty-eight and one-half millions of acres were irrigated by government plants. When projects now undertaken are completed fifty million acres in all will be supplied.

Among the delights of the journey were the birds and animals which we saw. Around every station there were hungry crows to feed. Occasionally we got the flash of a fast flying parrot or the turquoise and sapphire wings of the Indian roller or blue jay. In the swamps there were cranes and herons. About the cultivated fields we saw the green and the gray pigeons of India. Toward night one day I saw a herd of antelope dashing off into the underbrush. Others saw monkeys, jackals and a stray hyena.

But as exciting as anything were the wild peafowl. Here in fields and woods were gorgeous peacocks and the sober hens always associated before with great private estates or with public parks. In India the peafowl is sacred.

In his delightful little book "Beast and Man in India," J. Lockwood Kipling tells us that many of the troubles between villagers and English soldiers out shooting have arisen from the ignorance of the latter of the veneration in which peacocks are held.

A rhyming proverb says: "The deer, the monkey, the partridge and the peacock are four thieves," but they are never punished for their thefts. It is pathetic to think of the expedients to which some of the peasants are driven to scare away these marauders from their crops. All day and all night the people keep a long and dreary watch.

Even more fascinating were the famous black buffaloes, hauling loads, walking with the cattle or wallowing luxuriously in mud or water.

Though their huge strength does all kinds of work, though their milk is rich and nourishing, though they are far more gentle, courageous and intelligent than the cow—they are not held in honor. It is bad luck to go out of the door in the morning and see a buffalo. It is good luck to go out and see a cow.

As Rudyard Kipling says:

"Dark children of the mere and marsh,
Wallow and waste and lea;
Outcast they wait at the village gate,
With folk of low degree.
Their pasture is in no man's land,
Their food the cattle scorn,
Their rest is mire and their desire
The thicket and the thorn."

But the nobler, the finer, the more cultivated a man, the more he holds within the range of his sympathy both the outcast beast and the outcast man. And there are many touching stories of the affection these great beasts develop for herdsmen and how they often defend themselves and their masters even against the rush of the tiger.

There were also goats innumerable—alone and in flocks—around the stations picking up morsels of food, and far out in the wilderness. There are so many of them and they are such great foragers that they are not highly regarded by the Forestry Department of the Government. They stand on their hind legs and bite off every green thing as high as a man's head. But they are the poor man's friend, for they cost little or nothing to keep. "There is no house possessing a goat," said Mohammed, "but a blessing abideth therein, and there is no house possessing three goats but the angels pass the night there praying."

For people supposed to venerate animal life like Hindus there seems to be a deal of unnecessary cruelty. Goats used to be flayed alive on the theory that skins so obtained had a better quality.

A goat also is a favorite animal for the sacrifice. The Hindus decapitate great numbers of he-goats principally as an offering to the goddess Kali. The Mohammedans cut the goat's throat, with a prayer and a verbal apology to the animal slain.

So the journey itself was full of interest and delight.

One old gentleman in declining to go to Agra said: "They tell me that this thing they are going to see was put up way back in 1500 and something. If that is so it must be in bad repair. I'm not going to travel five hundred miles to see any old building all out of shape." Others of us could not spell Taj Mahal when we started and had our guides spell it out for us.

A few words, therefore, about this building may be timely.

The "Taj Mahal" is a mausoleum built in 1632 by a Mogul or Mohammedan Emperor of northern India, Shah Jehan, for the remains of his wife, Mumtaz Mahal. The building is of white marble and stands in a lovely garden on the banks of the Jumna River. It rises from a platform eighteen feet high and 313 feet square, also of white marble. The mausoleum itself is 186 feet long, wide and high, with a dome fifty-eight feet in diameter and eighty feet high.

Over each corner, which is cut away some thirty-three and one-half feet, there rises a smaller dome. At each corner of the marble terrace white marble minarets 133 feet high have been erected.

Inside there is the tomb of the lady and also that of her husband, who built the memorial. His body was put there by a son, just to the left of the central receptacle where he had placed his wife.

The interior of the memorial is inlaid with precious stones, combined in wreaths and scrolls. About the tombs themselves is a lovely carved screen also highly decorated with inlay work.

The building was designed by Ustad Isa, who has been described both as a Byzantine Turk and as a native of Persia.

Sir Sidney Low, in "A Vision of India," says that the Taj Mahal is one of the few things of earth which can not be vulgarized. "One has seen it travestied a thousand times in feeble photograph and libelous postcard and clumsy process print and utterly inadequate water color or oils. They cut it out of cardboard or make a miserable forlorn toy out of it in imitation marble. . . . It has been described to death and the late Sir Edwin Arnold assailed it in blank verse. Tourists travel half around the globe to look at it and go home to gush. If any object could awaken disillusion and resentment by being known too well, that object should be the Agra shrine. But it comes victoriously through all. There is no spoiling it any more than by the same familiarity it is possible to spoil the Moonlight Sonata, or Romeo and Juliet or the S'stine Madonna."

Lord Roberts in his "Forty-one Years in India" said: "Neither words nor pencil could give to the most imaginative reader the slightest idea of the all-satisfying beauty and purity of this glorious conception. To those who have not already seen it, I would say 'Go to India. The Taj alone is well worth the journ ey.'"

I do not believe that it is possible to put into words the impression which the Taj makes on receptive people; but on the other hand I do not believe it to be true "that neither words nor pencil can give to the most imaginative reader the slightest idea" of it. However majestic or sublime or beautiful the subject may be, great pictures and great books help us see it.

We went at sunrise and again at sunset to see the Taj and stayed quietly about two hours each time. It is in the full glare of a tropical sun that it is seen to least advantage.

In the morning light with the early shadows on it, it was very beautiful and at that time we went around it, and in it, and climbed a minaret to look down on it, and studied it with some care. But late in the day when the sun went down, it seemed most moving and compelling—just floating in the air, "a dream in marble," "the most splendidly poetic building in the world."

Low tells the story of a middle-aged, middle-class Chicago man, "probably in pork" as a business, doing India rapidly in a shiny black coat and no outward traces of sentiment. At the club the price of commodities interested him more than the customs of the East, "and he preferred to talk about the tariff to Indian art." "Yet when they took him to the Taj for the first time on a night of moon and stars he gazed in blank silence for a space as he came through the entrance portal. Then he lifted up his voice and wept, disturbing the solemn stillness with audible sobs and ejaculations."

We stayed until the little crescent moon was directly overhead and the stars were out.

A sensible but sensitive girl came to us in the twilight and said that the verse which kept coming to her was: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The lovely gardens, the beautiful reflecting basin, the general setting of the Taj Mahal, add unquestionably to the impression which it makes.

The critics, as is proper, look at it apart from its history. It is or it is not worthy from an architectural standpoint no matter who designed it, and no matter what story is connected with it.

Happily, or unhappily, I can not study things in that way. The lives of all associated with the Taj Mahal added immeasurably to the significance of my visit.

There is the story of the "lady" herself—not the only wife of Shah Jehan, not young and pretty when she died, but middle-aged, probably faded, the mother of seven children, some say fourteen. She died giving birth to another. Three hundred years ago, in a palace, where polygamy was sanctioned, with a husband who was an Oriental despot, and who had murdered his own brothers, this Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, inspired a devotion which flowered in the most beautiful memorial of the ages. And all the stories agree that it was by gentleness and kindness, that she exercised power. Not only was she "The Chosen of the Palace," but she was "The Mirror of Goodness." "She had the soul of a child," it has been said. "She alone remained unconscious of her power. She walked crowned and clothed with humility."

L. Adams Beck in her story, "The Building of the Taj Mahal," makes the Lady Arjemand on her death bed say this, to her broken-hearted husband: "Surely all things pass. And though I go, in your heart I abide, and nothing can sever us. Nothing but love's own hand can slay love. Therefore, remember me and I shall live."

Then as we drove over to the fort and saw the Palace, the lovely "Pearl Mosque" and the "Jasmine Tower," we thought of Shah Jehan himself imprisoned there in his old age by a rebellious son and attended by "a good and gentle daughter, Jehanara."

He probably brought all his misfortunes upon his own head.

These Moguls designed their buildings like Titans it is said, and finished them like jewelers. They have enriched architecture for all time. But personally they were not always admirable. Shah Jehan was "tyrannical" and "self indulgent." Some of the guide books assert that the Taj Mahal was never paid for.

But I can say with Low: "His sins be forgiven him. He shed blood and he broke troth. But he made the world more beautiful and he loved much."

Sure it is that he cherished the image of the Lady Arjemand all his life. An affecting thing as one looks upon this incomparable memorial is the thought of the great love which inspired it. On the last day of the life of this man, seventy-five years old, broken in body and in spirit, he was moved from his cell in the fort to a room where he could look over across the river to the place where the "Mirror of Goodness" lay sleeping and waiting for him to sleep by her side.

No view that we got was more impressive in some ways than this view from the fort.

There is another man whom I could not help

thinking about that day in Agra—Ustad Isa, the architect of whom we know so little that we are not sure of his nationality, and whose fame is dimmed by attempts to prove that he was not the architect at all. But whoever received the honor in his lifetime or whoever may get it a thousand years hence, it is certain that there was some man back there who had the thrill of a great commission, the joy of days and nights when the vision was unfolding itself before his mind, the incomparable satisfaction of seeing it take form and substance, and at last the reward of beholding the completion of one of the most perfect buildings of marble in all the world.

For my part, were this man Hottentot or Bushman I should bow in reverence before him as the architect of the Taj Mahal.

But Ustad Isa was not alone. There was a great company which no man can number associated in the task. All the skilful workers in inlay, all the great carvers in stone, all the artist jewelers, all the quarry men, all the dealers in agates, bloodstones, jaspers and the like, all the transport men—may be forgotten now, but we know that they existed and we hold them in honor. And with them the common laborers who then as now bent their shoulders to the load, lifted and carried the stone, sweat and grunted and groaned and died at the task. Without that can no monument be builded. Because of them the morning sun can throw its golden light on a dome which seems just ready to float up to heaven. Their humble toil transformed the vision of the architect into a structure to stand for the ages.

In an invisible book, their services are all set down.

> "They builded better than they knew,
> The conscious stone in beauty grew."

The men who made it, the generations who have visited it, the thousands who go there to-day, and the unborn multitudes who will sit before it in the years to come to be purified and blessed by its beauty, are the most interesting things about the wonderful Taj Mahal.

Bombay, April 25, 1923.

The Essential Factor in Social and Individual Life

Klaas Oosterhuis

"WITHOUT love you can do nothing." Love was the great message of Jesus to the people of his time and generation, and it has been the thundering message through all the ages since. Without love we can do nothing. We would be powerless in carrying on the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind without love. Without love we can do comparatively nothing effectual in this cause for ourselves and others.

For when we face the awful forms of corruption and woe which confront us—the greed, license, passion, murder and suicide in the world of to-day—we should despair of our race, did not the message of love promise to stand like a rainbow over the threatening cloud. We all may feel discouraged at times by our own state or the moral conditions of others. The ideal of love has come short of complete success. It has not, however, been for the reason that its force is spent or that it can not be put into practical life, but for the encouraging reason that it has never been fully applied. People talk about, and theoretically they accept, the religion of love and human brotherhood, but in practical life, in business life, the true spirit of love is cast out and forgotten. The religion of love and human brotherhood has never been fully applied.

Its day is not past, but rather just begun, its energies, instead of being exhausted, have never yet been all brought into use. The best hope for the world in the future is still bound up in the one great ideal, and that is—Love.

For if we take a rapid survey of the several spheres in which our religion makes itself felt, we shall receive a new realization of the need we have of love, and of the impossibility of our doing much without love for the moral elevation of ourselves and of society.

To begin with the first and most essential: The life of the soul. The cry of humanity was never more distinct or urgent than it is to-day for something to solve the riddle of man's destiny. The quickening to other parts of our nature by means of art, literature, science, and civilization has only served more effectually to make us feel that we have deep spiritual needs which those earthly forces can not satisfy. The cry of the soul after the great infinite and for communication with the great unknown can not be answered by the tumult of modern civilization. If I wished to show you how empty and miserable the soul is, when love and human brotherhood in the spirit and principles of true religion are not glorified and put into practise, I would not take you to the slums where the houses of the poor people can be found, but I would take you to the palace of the millionaire, where riches and refinements and luxury and the gratification of every taste and desire have done their utmost, and yet have come short of satisfying the spiritual and eternal hungerings of man after his own nature and divine good.

And this characteristic of the soul knows neither time nor place. Whether in Palestine or in Europe, whether in Russia or in America, whether in Great Britain or in Germany, whether ages ago or to-day, man's heart and flesh cry out for a living, growing God working within him, the God of Love and Brotherhood and understanding.

When we pass out of the awful privacy and loneliness of the individual spirit, and enter the cheerful circle of family life, do we find any less want and need of the message of love? Here is the nursery of immortals, and how interesting everything becomes which bears upon the foundation of habits, unfolding of powers, and building up of character! What great principle but love can lead us to the perfection of life and its purpose? What stands as strong as a bulwark for a young man's character as the spirit of love and human brotherhood?

It is the spirit of love which enables the parent to bring the child up in the true spirit of human brotherhood. Sever the family from religion, give it up to the modern laws of so called reform, of divorce, of revolution, of self-assertion, of fashion and ambition, or even intellectual tastes solely, and how long will the homely virtues and time-honored courtesies survive? Love is a mystery, but it is the beautiful connection and tie of family life, which constitutes in no small degree a world of families with relationship towards one another and human understanding. Love is the safeguard of the family, and without it we shall see marriage loosening its golden bonds, children growing up wild and rude, and society hastening back to its original savage state.

The Church is, likewise, we are confident, demanding not less but more love. In spite of so much preaching, so much revivalism, so many rites and ceremonies, such stress laid upon a correct belief, and such extraordinary discipline, the real and simple want is ever more and more of moral and spiritual capital, more and more of the essence of the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes. More and more is there a demand for love in the truest sense of that word. When true love reigns in the Church she is clothed with a new and wonderful power. She goes forth beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and as sweet in influence as the smell of roses. The Church can do nothing without the great message of love. Science, philosophy, art, literature, are all necessary and glorious in their appointed spheres, but they can not without love minister to the spiritual wants of man, and clothe him with the true spirit of human understanding and human brotherhood. And if for one reason or another we admit that the spirit of love has not done as much as it might in moralizing and spiritualizing mankind, it is on account of some human division or bit of partisanship. We know too well that churches in general have not stood for the highest ideal of love. They have emphasized dogmas, doctrines, traditions and formulas of the past. The preaching of the past has not been advocating human brotherhood, but sectarianism and useless dogmas and doctrines found in musty books. And even to-day churches are not doing their duty, except a few. If churches would forget their creeds and come down to actual practical life and advocate the true spirit of human love and brotherhood, they surely would be successful institutions. If the members of the individual churches would forget their jealousies and rivalry and in many cases their hatred toward a fellow struggling brother who has happened to think and believe differently than they do, if the spirit of love and service were in their hearts and minds, they would help to make the Church the most powerful institution of life.

If mighty empires old or new have fallen, it has been because they had not consistency or cohesion enough to hold them from flying asunder. Not any great achievement, not arts or arms chiefly, not mechanical inventions, though we ride with the winds and correspond with the lightning, not fine enforced laws, not civil service systems, however well devised, can insure a nation's life, or the life of any organized institution. But it lies in as simple a thing as right, honesty, truth and justice, and above all—love. When we have love we have all things, and without it we have nothing and are poor at heart and unable to do anything in the matter of moral progress.

Just now while we are living under conditions which allow one man to live in wealth and luxury and at the expense of his fellow man, while a great majority of the people are struggling for existence, and many of them living in poverty and distress, there seems to be a crying need for love and justice. For the less outward restraint there is, the more urgent is the necessity of laying a new emphasis of duty, a keener sense of obligation, on the conscience of the individual. We see no hope for our country or for any country, republic though it be, except in a more earnest and thorough application to every day life of the one great principle, and that is love. Love is, and ought to be, the driving power of all our motives towards right living.

Our growth of population, our increase in wealth and power, our California gold fields or our Pennsylvania coal and iron fields, our magnificent cities, even our education, if it be largely intellectual without moral and religious culture, without the true spirit of love, will only hasten our decline and downfall.

And finally, as for the wide, wide world, the great humanity, what other principle than that of love is powerful enough to command the nations to peaceful living? Here, too, the great religion of love is needed in carrying on the process of humanity. Just now we doubt if there is such a thing as human love and brotherhood. It seems that it is only an ideal which can not be put into practise. While the whole world seems on the verge of civil war and chaos, we might ask the question: "Is there any more use in preaching the Gospel of peace and human brotherhood and love?" More than ever just now, under such conditions as we live, there is a crying need for the spirit of love and understanding. And although it is true that one is not allowed by general public opinion to talk about love and peace and understanding, and while newspapers in general condemn those who dare to speak about these high ideals, nevertheless the spirit of love is there and prevails within the human heart.

What is most necessary in our present day world is to awaken that spirit of true love. The spirit of love needs to be broadened out to the spirit of universal understanding. We ought to forget all our race hatred, we ought to forget our nationalism with national differences; we ought at all times to remember that we are all members of one and the same family, all coming of one and the same source, all brothers to one another, German as well as Briton, Dutch as well as American, black as well as white. We are here in this world to work for the progress and well-being of the human race. We should forget all denominationalism and break with the old dogmas and formulas and doctrines and names of the past which until now have kept the human race divided against itself. We ought to realize that a new theology, a new philosophy of life, a new religion, is necessary to establish the spirit of human understanding. And this new religion should be a world wide religion, the universal religion, the religion of pure love and human brotherhood. It is the religion which allows people of different nations and religious inheritance and different races to come together and find religious

inspiration through one another, and by one another, and with one another. When we all understand that new religion which is bound to come, the religion of true love and human brotherhood, it will renew our faith in the destiny of the human race. When this new religion with its universal outlook upon our world enters the hearts of men, then we will have human understanding and there will be a peaceful world, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.

The Young People at Muncie

WHEN Muncie, Indiana, invites the General Convention to come there, fewer people will ask "What is Muncie?" or "Where is Muncie?" for our young people have found out and will spread the glad news.

Here is a middle-west city of thirty or forty thousand people, the kind of a city which produces presidents more frequently than the great metropolis —busy making glass fruit jars and various other things and the abode of a whole-souled, hospitable lot of American people.

Here also is St. John's Universalist Church with the Rev. and Mrs. Harry A. Hersey, other active, right-minded young Herseys and a loyal, intelligent, hard working congregation. They have entertained the young people to everybody's satisfaction and, instead of thanking God it is all over, are sighing for more worlds to conquer and talking about the General Convention. "We will have a Masonic Temple seating 1,600 to offer you," they say, "the best railroad trunk lines in the world, better hotels than you can find in New York or Chicago, and a fraternal, helpful lot of churches to greet you."

When Muncie starts after anything in the Universalist denomination again, she will get at least a respectful hearing, and if the delegates to the Young People's Convention have any influence she will be apt to run away with what she wants.

Slightly smaller than Worcester, 1922, as was to be expected, larger than Chicago, 1921, Muncie had a registration of 200 outside the city and 275 in all. Indiana, the home state, had the largest delegation, Ohio, the next door neighbor, second, Illinois, adjoining on the west, third. Maine had seven times as many delegates as she had at Chicago which, to be strictly truthful, means she had seven. Minnesota, the home state of the vice-president, Ellsworth C. Reamon, now the new president, had every Union in the state represented by two or more delegates. California was represented by Steadman Gould, her state president, grandson of Rev. C. C. Conner.

Earle McKinstry and Earl Dunton of Worcester, Mass., went through to Muncie by motorcycle and side car. Rev. John Ratcliff and four of his church boys from Rockland, Me., made the trip to the convention in a Ford car, having but one puncture on the way. Going home they took "a little circuit to include Washington, D. C." McGregor and two other Haverhill, Mass., boys also drove out in a Ford without a puncture, blow-out or accident of any kind.

Like Worcester, the Muncie Convention was made up of young people, the sessions looking more like a high school or college assembly than an ordinary church gathering.

The high water mark of the Convention in spiritual uplift was the Consecration Service Sunday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. William Couden of Concord, Mich. This devoted man, who has been an army chaplain, pastor in the national Capital, and "bishop" of a rural community, did what he is capable of doing—lifted the whole meeting to a high plane. Six young people came forward to dedicate themselves to a life of Christian service—one boy and five girls—the girls having in mind careers as pastors' assistants.

Rev. George Baner of Akron did an effective piece of work with the occasional sermon, but mightier than any words he uttered or could utter was the striking fact that three of the six who came forward at this consecration service were from Mr. Baner's parish, and that this same parish sent two boys to the Canton Theological School last year.

Judge Galer was happy, finished, sensible and really eloquent in his address at the closing session, but the features of that session were the broad, brotherly, beautiful, uplifting prayer of the Rev. Heber Dwight Ketcham, Methodist and president of the Delaware County Ministerial Association, and the beautiful solo of Mrs. William H. Ball.

One of the new things on the program was the use of moving pictures. The films used were: "Seeing is Believing," the Near East film, the Washington Church lecture, "A Day at Camp Crosley," the Boy Scout Camp given by Ball Brothers, and "The Story of a Fruit Jar," showing some of the interesting processes of glass manufacture at the Ball factory.

The program as a whole was high grade and we recommend *Onward*, the official journal of the Young People's Christian Union, for the complete and adequate report. The *Leader* representative came late and does not pretend to tell the story of the effective addresses made.

Stanley Manning, National Director, reported on Sunday night that $3,350 had been raised at this Convention, less than the $5,000 asked but more than anybody thought they would get. This was made possible by the generous individual gift of $500 by Frank Ball. Worcester, 1922, gave around $4,000; Chicago, 1921, just over $3,000.

The officers elected are: President, Ellsworth C. Reamon of Minneapolis; vice-president, Earle McKinstry of Worcester, Mass.; secretary-treasurer, Edgar T. Williams of Chattanooga, Tenn.; executive board, Russell S. Smith of Chicago, and Robert M. Rice of Akron.

The two girl members of the board, Grace Nash of Cincinnati and Marion Griffith of Minneapolis, hold over, as their terms have not expired.

The weather for the Convention was clear and beautiful. "It was warm," said Director Manning, "but not nearly as hot as Worcester or Chicago."

J. V. S.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXXV Work

Agricola

"Here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"

SO wrote the Sage of Chelsea, essayist, philosopher, and occasionally poet.

Work is the basic necessity of life. We may do without music, books and art, but work will always be in demand. It began when Adam was turned out of Eden. It will last until the latest generation of men.

Many substitutes for work have been tried but all have proved failures. The divine necessity ignores the shrewdest devices of ingenious men. Occasionally men have flattered themselves that they have escaped its dominion, but their triumph has been short-lived. The primal necessities of life soon reasserted themselves, and men were driven back into the old channels of work. The world can not live on fraud, deceit, or stealing, but must recur to nature's modes of production, raising grains, spinning cloth, transporting products. These and these alone provide the things whereby men live.

When legend created the fable that work is a curse whereunto man was doomed for his audacity and disobedience, it established a saying that runs parallel with man's desires, for it is human nature to shun work and pursue leisure. As a matter of fact the supposed curse is the greatest piece of good fortune the human race could possibly inherit. Work is not only not a curse, it is a positive blessing. Most of the good things of life flow from it, indeed it is not too much to assert that civilization is directly based upon it. The necessity to work produces all the good things of life, not only material but spiritual as well.

There is a sweat of the brain no less than of the body, of the affections no less than the muscles. And mental sweat is even a better fertilizer than that of the face. Its power to accomplish is far greater in proportion to the efforts put forth. A good general at the head of an army is worth thousands of men, and in the economic world a wise captain of industry actually creates far more than the princely salary he receives.

Some leisure is beneficial in every life but there may be too much of it. We should all have time enough left over from our daily tasks to procure some of the finer things of life, friendship, amusement, education, culture, security for old age. Beyond this leisure becomes a curse instead of a blessing. It were far better that boys and girls should work beyond what is normally good for them, than to fall into bad habits through unemployed hands and vacuous brains.

The greatest happiness in life comes from accomplishment. What a joy it must have been to Keats to write an "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or to Edison to give to a startled world the electric light. In a humbler way the same holds true with every one who does something useful, whether it be digging coal, or selling goods over the counter, or teaching young minds. If the work be done well, if we go about our tasks joyfully and conscientiously, work becomes the melody of life, growing and swelling into heavenly symphonies as years and experience unfold our powers. Work is not the symbol of degradation; it is a badge of honor, the guarantee of happiness and glory.

Evolution

Ernest J. Bowden

THE theory of evolution has long been a bone of contention between progressive and reactionary thinkers.

In the realm of science and philosophy the battle for evolution was long since won. Here and there one still finds a scholar who doesn't know it, but he is usually regarded even by his friends as a curiosity.

Evolution has given us a new outlook, a new language, a new reverence. But the great task of interpreting religion in the light of evolution has only just begun. There are still many evolutionists who regard religion, the supreme triumph of the evolutionary process, as a mere perversion of the intellect; there are still religious teachers who speak with contempt of evolution, and regard it as destructive of faith and morals.

In the compass of a sermon one can not discuss; one can only illustrate. One of the finest examples of the evolutionary process is seen in the development of the Shirley poppy, a beautiful and familiar flower of our gardens.

Fifty years ago the Shirley poppy did not exist. For centuries the scarlet poppy had bloomed in the fields of England—the same poppy that inspired a Canadian soldier to write "In Flanders' Fields."

In the year 1880 William Wilks, the vicar of Shirley, noticed a wild poppy with a white edge. He marked it and preserved the seed. From that one poppy he had developed within a few years a large variety with a wonderful range of delicate coloring, even including a pure white. It was a heroic task. During the flowering period he had to be in his garden each morning at three o'clock, before the bees were astir; but his reward was such as comes to only a few men in a century.

Is the Shirley poppy less the work of God because it was evolved from a single scarlet poppy through the care of an obscure minister? Here on a small scale is the evolutionary process which we apply to the universe and to man.

Our present knowledge suggests that the earth has been developed out of a fiery mist. It is still a ball of fire, with a relatively thin and flexible crust

The sun is an incandescent globe, with an envelope of flaming gas. Nebulae in the sky, millions of miles in extent, seem to be worlds in the making. Is our faith in God less firm? Rather we find a new wonder and reverence awakening in our breasts as the Eternal takes us into His confidence, and reveals to us the processes of creation.

And what of man? Did he come on the scene full-grown and perfect? Or has he shared in the universal process?

Early remains show us much lower forms than any now existing. Moreover, we know that human life, like that of all other organisms, is built up on protoplasm. Two cells unite to form one; that one becomes two, the two four; a process of differentiation steps in; some cells form bones, others flesh, and so the whole body is built up. Is this a recapitulation of the history of our race? There is reason to think so. In that case the story is more wonderful than any recorded in the book of Genesis.

So without hesitation or qualification I am an evolutionist. States may legislate to the contrary if they will; but to me the evolutionary process is a revelation of God. Within it I find ample room for all the good of all the ages, and ample incentive to a life of earnest consecration and service.

The Religion of the Young People

Cecilia R. Bullard

WE refer the members of the older generation who are lamenting that the young people of to-day are no longer religious, to the splendid article in the April issue of the *Yale Review*, "The Religion of the Young People of To-day," by Prof. James Bissett Pratt of Williams College. It will give them something worth while to think about. Incidentally it is worth the serious attention of every one who is thinking below the surface of the perplexing problems which confront the world to-day.

Without making the reader blind to the real seriousness of the situation, Professor Pratt makes it clear that the pessimist's worst fears in regard to present-day young people are ill-founded. It is not religion, but the traditional forms of religion, which they have cast aside, he contends, and defines religion as something more than morality or social service, something more also than creed, as something indeed that has to do with man's cosmic as well as human relations, involving his emotions and his conduct as well as his belief. The forms of traditional Christianity, he points out, are not necessarily essential to religion, and the fact that the younger generation makes less use of them than did their predecessors by no means proves that they are irreligious.

Professor Pratt sums up the traditional forms of religion under four heads: a definite faith, a revered and familiar sacred book, a religious sanction for morality, and a systematic and deliberate cultivation of the spiritual life. He then proceeds to evaluate the utility of each of these factors. A definite faith has been a help to man in times of sorrow and a joy in times of tranquillity, and he who is without such a faith must either live upon the surface of things, or face the profundities with a minimum of confidence and courage. The enrichment of the life of Christians who have made a practise of reading the Bible regularly, demonstrates the value of the second factor in traditional religion, a revered and sacred text. A religious sanction for morality has also been a great stimulus in aiding men to live up to their ideals. No very lovely flower, to be sure, has ever grown out of the fear of hell fire or desire for heavenly reward, but for the ordinary man a belief in the divine approval of the moral life has brought to it a reinforcement which can hardly be over-estimated. The fourth factor in traditional religion, the cultivation of the spiritual life, has also been a help to man. The methods of this cultivation characteristic of Christianity have included the reading of religious literature, private prayer and devotion. The devout souls who have tried such methods testify them to be immeasurably worth while.

Professor Pratt therefore sounds the warning that the situation to be faced with our young people is a serious one. Admittedly they have cultivated to a smaller degree than their forbears the traditional forms of religion, and, while this lack will make them neither bad nor irreligious, it can nevertheless hardly fail to impoverish them and make their spiritual life less complete and less rounded. Professor Pratt does not place the blame for the existing situation upon the shoulders of the young people. They have had an entirely different bringing-up from that of their parents, who were brought up with great religious care.

Traditional religion has been coming to play an ever decreasing part in the affairs of men. The scientific mode of thinking has led people to believe to no small extent that all life operates under the laws of mere mechanics. The Christian view of the world has come to appear medieval, superstitious and outgrown. While bondage to the letter is rapidly disappearing, a new spiritual faith is not spreading with anything like the same rapidity. Professor Pratt also ventures to suggest that, while the world has been growing increasingly interesting, the religion which the churches give has decreased in interest. The brains of the country are no longer trooping to the pulpit.

Professor Pratt is not a pessimist, however. He contends that the young people of to-day are truly religious at bottom. He points out that there is nothing in the science of to-day incompatible with a truly religious faith, nor with a reverent attitude toward and an intimate use of the Old and New Testaments. Nor does he believe that the time is ever likely to come when the cosmic view of things and the sense of loyalty to great religious leaders will not play an essential part in the life of man. The spiritual life, he prophesies, will always be capable of

intense cultivation, if not by the old methods, why then by new and better ones. The particular task of the older generation is to impress upon their juniors the enormous issues at stake, and to teach them that religion is a pearl of great price, while the spiritual life, though it can never be killed out of the race, is a tender plant which gives its fairest flowers only after careful culture.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Dog and the Ferry

I WAS in the State of Kentucky, and I came unto a River, even the Ohio. And the friend with whom I rode Honked the Horn that was upon the Car wherein we rode. And there came a Small Gasoline Boat from a place on our side of the River, and Lashed itself to the Ferry Boat whereon we had driven our Car. And the Small Gasoline Boat kept the Ferry Boat headed Up Stream while the Current carried us across.

Now there were two men upon the Gasoline Boat, and one of them remained there, and operated the Gasoline Engine, and the other stood upon our Large Boat, and worked a Tiller. And beside these there were in the Small Boat a young mother and her two children. And I was sure that they were the wife and the children of the younger of the two men.

And they were sweet and happy children, and their mother was Kind and Capable.

And I wondered concerning them, whether they were Kentuckians or Hoosiers.

Now as soon as we had loosed from the Kentucky shore, I beheld a Black Spot that moved from some place out of sight, and came unto the top of the Indiana Bank and remained there and moved no more. And as we neared the middle of the stream I saw that it was a Black Dog. And that Dog had started at the first puff of the Gasoline Motor.

And he moved neither his feet nor his eyes, but remained as if he had been planted in his tracks. But I beheld, as we looked toward the light, that his Tail began slowly to move. And as we approached the Shore, his tail moved faster.

And I said, Now I know on which side of the River those Children live.

And I was not wrong. For as soon as the boat Grated on the Shore, he rushed down the Bank, and ran on Board, and he climbed all over those Children, and licked their faces. And they petted him and cuffed him and caressed him as is the manner of Children with the Dogs they love.

Now this was a Simple Scene, and I know not if I shall offend the Good Taste of any if I tell what it suggested to me. But I thought that even as that trivial incident had shown on which side of the River that Family lived, so there be very Simple and almost negligible tokens in the lives of men, even before they reach the middle of the stream of Life, that show that their Citizenship is in Heaven. Yea, and as we left the boat, and our Machine Climbed up the Bank, we Honked a Farewell to the Ferrymen and to the Mother and the Children and the Dog. For I had learned the answer to many questions in the silent movement of the tail of the children's Black Dog.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY OFFERING

Supplementary List of Sunday Schools That Have Caught the Missionary Vision

Our Sunday schools have given over two thousand dollars since last October for missionary work across the seas. This is an advance of three hundred dollars over the amount given for the complete year preceding. It is seen, then, that the "Comprehensive Plan" devised by Miss Earle and her associates is bringing most satisfactory results. There are two causes for rejoicing, first that there is more money for the support of denominational enterprises and second that the children are being developed in missionary enthusiasm. The second is greater than the first.

Of this money, enough will be set aside to pay the salary of the third woman missionary in Japan; the rest will be contributed to the General Convention to be used for any of its work across the Pacific.

The following list shows the schools which have contributed since Feb. 1, when we made our previous report:

Abington, Mass.	$ 5.00
Blanchester, O.	7.00
Bellows Falls, Vt.	10.00
Bethel, Vt.	2.13
Brookline, Mass.	13.35
Brooklyn, New York, All Souls	10.40
Biddeford, Me.	10.40
Christian Hill, N. C. (Mt. Olive)	2.58
Canton, Mass.	3.00
Concord, Mich.	10.00
DeFuniak Springs, Fla.	1'00
Detroit, Mich.	10.00
Everett, Mass.	15.50
East Boston, Mass.	5.00
Franklin, Mass.	25.00
Gardiner, Me.	15.00
Grove Hall, Mass.	10.00
Little Hocking, O.	8.25
Lewiston, Me.	16.00
Machias, Me.	5.00
Muncie, Ind.	10.40
Middletown, N. Y.	3.22
Middleport, N. Y.	10.40
Markesan, Wis.	13.78
Nashua, N. H.	1.25
Norwalk, Ohio	14.70
Newfields, N. H.	1.00
Oak Park, Ill.	20.00
Oakfield, Me. (add.)	7.00
Olive Branch, Ohio	1.54
Osage, Iowa	5.00
Orange, Mass.	10.40
Orono, Me.	8.25
Portland, Me., Messiah	15.00
Palmer, Mass.	5.00
Portland, Me., First	17.00
Rockland, Ohio	7.67
Rockland, Maine	10.40
Riverside, Cal.	3.50
Rumford, Maine	6.50
Stoughton, Mass.	10.00
Tacoma, Wash.	10.00
Turner Center, Me.	5.08
Webster City, Iowa	5.00
Watertown, N. Y.	17.00
Woodstock, Vt.	.25
Wakefield, Mass.	10.40
Woonsocket, R. I.	40.30
Kingfield, Me.	5.00
Portsmouth, N. H.	11.00
	$470.65

OHIO CONVENTIONS

I. V. Lobdell

The annual Convention of Ohio Universalist Churches and Auxiliary Bodies was held this year at Akron, June 25 to 28. The Young People gathered Sunday evening, June 24, and conducted an Institute, which concluded Monday afternoon with a picnic at the lake. The choir gave a half-hour musical program Monday evening, after which President W. O. Jameson of Columbus called the Convention to order. The devotional service was conducted by the Rev. John M. Fogelsong of Bryan; and welcome was extended delegates and visitors by the Rev. George Cross Baner, pastor of the entertaining church, who called the attention of the Convention to the beautiful basket of flowers that graced the pulpit, the gift of the First Congregational Church of Akron, and read the following letter:

To the Ninety-eighth Convention of Universalist Churches of Ohio, in Session at the Universalist Church of Akron, Greetings:

The First Congregational Church of Akron desires to express a fraternal interest in your Convention.

We beg to felicitate you upon the excellent service you have rendered—especially those achievements of the years in which it was not unheroic to be ambassadors of religious liberty.

Recognizing the similarity of our aims, in the desire for a larger intellectual freedom in religious thought, for adjustment of method to meet the changing mood of the generation in which we minister, and claiming common cause with you in an insistence upon the simplicity of the Galilean Gospel as of more significance to our age than a mere defense of ancient creedal forms and traditional observances—we view with deep interest every plan you make for wider service in promoting a cause which is no less dear to us.

We trust your sessions may be interesting and profitable.

With fraternal regards,

The First Congregational Church,
Per Lloyd C. Douglas, Minister.

After the appointment of sessional committees of the Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Conventions President Jameson introduced the Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., of Worcester, Mass., as the speaker of the evening. Dr. Tomlinson recalled incidents of his boyhood spent in Akron and then addressed himself in particular to the younger generation in an inspiring plea for the consecration of their talents, strength and youthful enthusiasm in devoted and unselfish service of Church and State.

Sessions of the Sunday School Association and of the Y. P. C. U. occupied Tuesday. The Sunday School Association convened at 8.45 a. m. and after devotional services listened to the annual address of the president, Albert H. Homans, and to the report of the state officers and state Sunday School Director. This was followed by a forty-five minute period of group conferences covering all departments of Sunday school work, with a like period at the afternoon session. These conferences were well attended and very helpful.

Officers elected: President, Albert H. Homans, Cleveland; vice-president, Carl Senn, Troy; secretary, Rev. Almira L. Cheney, Columbus; treasurer, Miss Lillian Simmons, LeRoy; trustee for three years, Elmer Druly, Belpre.

The Y. P. C. U. Convention was called to order at 10.15 a. m. by the president, Miss Ruth Owens, and, after being led in devotional service by Lucius Garner of the St. Lawrence Theological School, listened to the report of the state officers. Reports showed gratifying progress and revealed anew the fact that our young people are thoroughly alive and heartily responsive to their opportunities. An inspiring address by John M. Fogelsong of Bryan on "The Incentive of the Unachieved" was received with deep interest. At the afternoon session routine business was transacted, plans made, and goals established for the coming year.

Officers elected: President, Miss Grace Nash, Cincinnati; vice-president, Margaret Spanton, Akron; secretary, Ruth Koehl, Cincinnati; treasurer, John Blackford, Eldorado.

At 6.30 came the Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. banquet with an interesting hour of songs, readings, and stunts. At the evening session Rev. W. W. Betts of Norwalk conducted the devotional service. Sunday school awards were made and sessional committees for the W. U. M. A. and Church Conventions were appointed. The Cleveland Alliance under the direction of State Mission Superintendent, Mrs. Norae McCready, gave the beautiful and inspiring pageant, "Christ in America." Mrs. W. D. VanVoorhis, wife of the pastor of the Reformed Church of Findlay, Ohio, followed with a splendid address on "The Crown of the Church," which discussed and illuminated the problems of Youth in its later "teens" and early "twenties." Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, president of the Women's National Missionary Association, brought greetings from that body.

The devotional services of the Church Convention Wednesday morning were conducted by the Rev. Robert Tipton of North Olmstead, who in a written paper made a strong plea for a return of "great preaching" such as would convert the minds and stir the souls of men to action. Reports of the state officers, Board of Trustees and Superintendent of Churches were read. The president noted with regret the absence from the Convention this year of our General Superintendent, Dr. Lowe, after which he called to the platform Dr. Marshall, who spoke interestingly of the work of the Publishing House. The Convention then proceeded to fill the Convention Chest, out of which are met the expenses for state work of the Sunday School Association, Y. P. C. U. and Alliance. The Convention then adjourned until Thursday morning.

The thirty-fourth annual session of the Women's Universalist Missionary Alliance of Ohio was called to order by the president, Mrs. Gertrude A. Gladwin, of Akron, Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock. Mrs. Inez Cranz of Akron led the song service, a feature of which was a solo by Mrs. Norman Daub, also of Akron. Reports of the recording and corresponding secretaries, treasurer, auditor, and department chairmen were read. The reports were good and indicated deep interest in the work of the Alliance. The Rev. Sara L. Stoner, chairman of the Ohayo Kindergarten Committee, reported the need of a few hundred dollars more in pledges to meet the amount being raised by the Ohio Alliance for this project. The president's annual report was followed with prayer by Mrs. W. W. Betts for our missionaries and an impersonation by Mrs. Agnes Simmons of the negro appealing to the white race for a sympathetic understanding. Mrs. Ethel M. Allen addressed the Convention on the work of the National Association. Routine business was transacted and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. Gertrude A. Gladwin, Akron; vice-president, Rev. Sara L. Stoner, Prospect; recording secretary, Mrs. Edgar Heacock, Akron; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. L. Easton, LeRoy; treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Hassler, Cleveland; trustees for two years, Mrs. Katie J. Kelly, Grafton.

The annual Clara Barton Guild "Get Together Supper" was held at six. Mrs. Arthur Nash of Cincinnati acted as toastmaster and an interesting program followed.

At the evening service devotions were led by the Rev. O. E. Olin; the occasional sermon was given by the Rev. Rufus H. Dix of Cleveland, and the pastor of the church, Mr. Baner, conducted the communion service. The offering for the Gunn Ministerial Relief amounted in cash and pledges to $173.36.

Thursday morning a brief session of the Ohio Ministerial Association was held and after a devotional service by the Rev. Harry M. Wright of Kent the Convention was called to order and reports were received from the committees on Credentials, Fellowship, Centennial Program, Resolutions, and Official Reports and Recommendations. Among the resolutions passed were those commending the publication of the "History of the Universalist Church in Ohio" by the Rev. Elmo A. Robinson,

condemning the action of Governor Smith and the New York Legislature in the repeal of dry enforcement laws and commending our President for his stand; memorializing the General Convention "to put forth what power it has to unite the religious people of the world in a stand against war; urging industry to adopt the Golden Rule; expressing appreciation of the work of Miss Ruth Owens as president of the state Y. P. C. U.; and instructing the secretary to convey to our beloved General Superintendent, Dr. Lowe, the sympathy and good will of the Convention and hope for his speedy recovery.

Officers elected were: President, W. O. Jameson, Columbus; vice-president, Prof. H. E. Simmons, Akron; secretary, I. V. Lobdell, Columbus; treasurer, C. R. Olin, Akron; trustee, U. S. Ray, New Madison; member Fellowship Committee, Rev. I. W. McLaughlin, Springfield; preacher of occasional sermon, Rev. John E. Price, Cincinnati; alternate, Rev. John M. Fogelsong, Bryan. The Convention closed with a banquet at six-thirty, and a program of toasts, readings, and songs and an hour and a half of games and recreation in the church parlors. It was a good Convention. Akron entertained royally and Ohio Universalists face the new year full of joy in their work, and faith in their Church.

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CONGREGATIONALISM IN ENGLAND

The spring session of the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society were held last week. The C. U. is one of the very few churches which hold two annual assemblies. The Baptists abandoned their autumn session some years ago, feeling that there was an alarming tendency to increase religious conferences and thus to take ministers and others away from their proper work far too often. The Rev. Sidney M. Berry was elected secretary of the Congregational Union with immense enthusiasm, and his acceptance of that office is regarded as the earnest of a new era of prosperity for the union. Mr. Berry comes to the office in the fulness of his powers. He is a born leader of men and his quickening influence will be felt in the pulse of the whole denomination. He is a *persona grata* with the younger men in the ministry, and the older men are not afraid of him. He is a statesman with a brotherly heart. When a secretary was needed for the Baptist Union Dr. Richard Glover declared that the office demanded a man with a thick skin over a tender heart, a man who could bear much criticism without wincing, and who could feel intensely the things that ought to be felt. Mr. Berry has other qualifications besides these, and he comes to his great office while his church is in the midst of its tremendous endeavor to lift the ministry to a higher level in the esteem and regard and generous support of the Church. One feels that the advent of Mr. Berry will mean a great accession to the strength of the Free Church pulpit in London, for we may be sure that his services on Sunday will be eagerly sought for by all the Free Churches. Perhaps also we may hope to see him occasionally in an Anglican pulpit.

I was present at the chief session of the Congregational Union on the Tuesday morning. The address from the chair by Dr. A. R. Henderson on "The Living God" was a fine massive utterance, dealing worthily with a great spiritual theme—the living God immanent in human life, holy, loving, feeling, suffering, redeeming, the personal God revealed in Christ, the Redeemer of the world. There lies the hope of humanity and the guarantee of its ultimate redemption.

I was much impressed by a brilliant address by the Rev. L. Morgan Gibbon, of Stamford hill. Mr. Gibbon is one of the few men in London or anywhere else who have been in the same pastorate for more than thirty years, and who maintains his freshness and power. He drew a most optimistic picture of modern England, declaring it to be in spirit Christian and Puritan. Not a single wail would Mr. Gibbon utter over the degeneracy of his times. He does not see it. They are all good fellows, these men who came back from the war. One could not help feeling that there was another side to the story, as many a minister knows, and if the picture which Mr. Gibbon so cleverly drew of our modern life was more rosy and lacked the somber and heart-breaking aspects with which some of us are too familiar, one was with him all the way when he declared that these good fellows needed something more, and that they offered a most fruitful field for a wise and enlightened evangelism; and, moreover, when he urged the younger ministers to concentrate on their preaching. "Never mind committees, let older and sillier men look after them, and don't be secretaries. Be preachers. Preach the word. Let Congregationalism flourish by the preaching of the word." The City Temple was crowded even to the seats in the back gallery at this morning session, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.—*Dr. Charles Brown in the London Telegraph.*

* * *

THE RETURN TO THEOLOGY

The following letter to the editor of the *London Times* is from a teacher of theology at Oxford and a member of the Church of England.

We reprint it, not because of any comment upon the subject which drew it forth, but because of the clearness and honesty with which it discusses related subjects intensely interesting to us on this side of the Atlantic.

"May I attempt to emphasize the importance of that suggestion in the report of the Bishop of London's Commissioners on the City Churches which is quoted in Dr. Browne's letter to-day?

"The extreme feebleness of the influence which we who teach theology in the universities at present exercise upon the religious thought of the country is an anomalous and depressing fact. A recently published theological work, which we almost unanimously condemn as unsound in philosophy and unscientific in its critical methods, is enjoying, I understand, an unparalleled sale: and this example is symbolical of the general situation. Hundreds of comparatively intellectual people appear to be approaching the study of religion, and we who have devoted several years to the learning of the methods of such study are unable to establish contact with those who now wish to learn.

"Our influence here is confined to groups of candidates for ordination, the majority of whom have a sincere pastoral spirit, but no real intellectual interests. They sift out the information which we give them, desiring to retain only what will help them to 'run a parish' of simple, unintellectual souls. Their minds are already far away from the intellectual environment of the university, and fixed upon the pulpit and the confessional which they hope to occupy. They are eager to get away to their theological colleges to learn 'the devotional life' and the technicalities of a priest's work. After ordination they are swallowed up in the routine of their ministrations, and, consequently, tend to repose contentedly upon the support of Bible and Church, ceasing altogether to think for themselves. Thus, in spite of the rapid progress of theological studies, we are still sending out an unintellectual body of clergy into a world which is becoming increasingly intellectual.

"The Church has a pressing need of exactly that which this Commission proposes, a sort of mediating ministry, which will adapt the results of theological learning, as they are produced at the universities, to the spiritual and intellectual conditions of those conscientious and intelligent men and women who should be the firmest pillars of the Church, but are alienated by the foolishness of our average preaching. Let the teachers at the universities do the technical work of theological research, and let such a body as the Commission proposes to endow interpret to the laity.

"Especially valuable is the suggestion that the lecturers should be under the command of a board invested with the power of sending them wherever they are required. Theologians are not at present given many opportunities of lecturing in parishes, but the existence of such a body of lecturers as is proposed would stimulate many of the parochial clergy to make use of theological learning for the building up of an intelligent faith in their congregations."

Home and Children

THE FORGOTTEN ROAD

I know a little lonely country road,
  Grass grown and shady, and a little sad,
Unused, and lost in an enchanted wood,
  Though once, it seems, 'twas highway, broad and glad.

Now, very few its secret entrance find,
  It is so hidden from the world of men;
On foot I found it and on foot return
  To feel its wistful mystery again.

There are so few such roads left us to-day,
  And yet we need them sorely—for with wings
Agleam, and bird notes, my road lures me on
  To the hushed country of Forgotten Things.

Louise Morey Bowman.

* * *

WHEN OLD JANE GOT STUCK

IT was a cold, snowy, blowy day in late winter, and growing colder and snowier and blowier every minute. Betty and Ben, the Delton twins, each watched the north schoolhouse window with one eye and studied with the other. They were hoping that the road would drift so badly that they could not possibly walk. Then one of two things that were fun would happen. Either their Grandfather Delton would come for them with little Old Jane and the big red pung, or their mother would 'phone for them to stay over night with Aunt Sallie Jordan. Aunt Sallie lived near the schoolhouse. If they stayed at her house, she would have some of her famous Alsike clover honey for supper, with fluffy brown-crusted biscuit, and there would be sugared-creased-top gingerbread to top off with. Then they would roast chestnuts and apples in a fireplace almost big enough for a closet, while Aunt Sallie told stories, no end of stories! Then they would go to bed in feather-beds that billowed up around them like great soft clouds when they jumped right into the middle from high chairs set near the old four-poster bedsteads. In the morning they would sleep an hour later than usual, and go to school refreshed by Aunt Sallie's own particular buckwheat pancakes drenched with maple syrup, and with their lunch-boxes packed tight with hard gingerbread and sugared doughnuts and tansy cheese and long winter pears.

If grandfather came for them, he would come with three buffalo robes in the old pung, one tucked about his legs, the other spread in the bottom of the back of the pung, where the back seat had been taken out, and one all ready to throw over them after they were settled down snugly, with the high sides of the pung keeping the wind off. There, all snug and warm and dark, they could pretend all sorts of adventures, as patient, sturdy little Old Jane plowed her way through the drifts over the long, hilly mile home. Then to tumble out, all blinking and laughing, in the dim old carriage-house, where father would be waiting with the lantern; to unharness Old Jane; to see mother come running out to tell them their supper was all ready; and to wonder how bad the storm really was when one was out in it; and to smell supper on the cold, clean air!

Well, Grandfather Delton and Old Jane did come, a bit early, too, so that Betty and Ben had the fun of asking to be excused five minutes before closing time. They bundled into their coats and caps and rubbers and knit leggins and didn't keep the pair outside waiting hardly a minute after they drew up at the school-house door, where the snow swept around the corner in a blinding smother.

Then away they started. How the wind did howl! And how the snow did fly! Every minute the storm grew more fast and furious. But Betty and Ben, snug and warm under the buffalo robe, pretending that they were Eskimos in their winter igloo, or hut, did not hear it very much, and did not feel it at all.

Suddenly the pung stopped, and they realized that the road had seemed rather bumpy for several minutes. They lifted the edge of the buffalo robe and peeped out. Grandfather was standing up, looking first one way and then another. But that wasn't of much use, not any use, in fact, for the snowclouds were so thick that one could not see the length of the pung through them. But they could dimly see the outlines of Old Jane's brownness, and it was plain that she was stuck! She looked almost tipped over!

"What's the matter, grandfather?" shouted Ben.

"Is Old Jane all tired out?" piped Betty.

"She's tired enough, I guess," grandfather shouted back, "but that isn't the trouble. We're off the road! But we'll get home all right, never fear. Old Jane is stuck. But she'll pull out, when she's rested a bit. Can't imagine where we started to go wrong, but I guess it was when Old Jane wanted to go one way, and I thought she was wrong and reined her the other. We may be down in the Big Meadow, or we may be on our Flat. But we'll get home all right. We can't be far from there."

"Course not!" said Ben. "Why, this is a real adventure! Let's shout, and maybe somebody will hear us."

"Yes," said grandfather, "and I'll begin." He gave a long, loud halloo; then another, and another. But only the howl of the storm answered. Then Ben shouted, oh, how he shouted! And Betty yodeled, in her clear, high soprano. Still there was no answering sound but the shriek and wail of the wind. Then grandfather hallooed again, and Ben shouted again and Betty yodeled again. No answer.

"It's a real adventure! Hooray!" shouted Ben.

"That's so, a *real* adventure!" echoed Betty. "We like it, grandfather!"

Grandfather Delton laughed, but his laugh sounded a bit cracked. "Glad you do," he shouted.

Then again the three made all the noise they could. No answer.

"If the wind didn't seem to be blowing all ways at once, I could tell where the road is," called grandfather. "Soon as it makes up its mind which way it's going, I can tell."

But it didn't seem to be able to make up its mind.

"Let's all make an awful hullabaloo, all together!" suggested Ben. They did, but still there was no answer.

"Let's take the robe out of the bottom of the pung and cover Old Jane!" said Betty.

"Why didn't we at first!" sputtered Ben; "I never think of things, not at the right time!"

"I was afraid you children needed it," said grandfather. "But I guess you can wrap up just as well in one, it's so big and wide—not much like the skimpy little new-fashioned sleighrobes!"

As they talked, Ben and grandfather clambered out, and between them they managed to get the robe snugly fastened around Old Jane, though the wind did its best to snatch it away. Once Jane turned her beautiful head, and rubbed her snowy nose against Ben's. Then grandfather and Ben clambered back into the pung. Though they shouted and hallooed and yodeled again and again, together and separately, no answer came. And the snow was getting higher and higher against the sides of the pung and Old Jane. Betty was looking pretty sober.

"It's a great adventure!" shouted Ben.

"Ye-yes, great!" answered Betty, but she didn't sound very sure.

And still the wind blew all sorts of ways. Grandfather swung his arms, and beat his mittened hands together, and kicked his toes against the dasher of the pung. "Keep the robe snug around you, children," he said. "We'll be home before you know it!" But somehow his voice didn't sound very sure either. When they all tried to make a noise again they could hardly hear themselves, so hoarse had they become.

It had grown dark, and the snow was flying thicker and faster. Suddenly Old Jane, who had been lying quiet for a time, without trying to get on her feet, raised her head and gave a quick, pleased whinny, then another. And then, off to the right, sounding like the sweetest music they had ever heard, a big, eager bark!

"Bruce!" they all three shouted together. The barks came nearer! Old Bruce was doing his best through the deep, blinding drifts. At last, out of the cold whiteness, burst the happy old chap, his golden coat white, too! Barking, wagging, leaping, he was in the pung! And a moment later Mr. Delton came in sight, shouldering a big snow-shovel!

A few minutes' vigorous shoveling, a firm pull at her bridle, and Old Jane was out of the place between two cradle knolls in the Big Meadow where she had stuck. Only a little while and they were home, for they had really been only a quarter of a mile away all the time, though it might as well have been a hundred for all they could do to get to warmth and light and safety.

"Up to a little while ago I was working in the barn," said Mr. Delton, "and Bruce was with me; but the minute we started to cross the yard to the house, he threw up his head, listened a second, and then dashed off, fast as he could. And though mother and I hadn't worried about you, for we knew you would have to drive slowly and be a long time on the road, I thought I'd better follow his lead. I couldn't hear a sound except the wind. But I knew he'd heard something!"

A little later, as they all toasted about the kitchen fire and after Old Jane had been curried and blanketed and given a big bucket of warm mash, Mrs. Delton said softly, "If it hadn't been for old Bruce!"

But the old fellow was too sleepy by that time to do anything but thump his tail on the floor, just two or three faint thumps; and he waked up only enough to give their faces one lick apiece, when they all tried to hug and pat him at once.—*Minnie Leona Upton, in Congregationalist.*

* * *

MY SHEPHERD

Mary D. Reed

The Lord is my shepherd; safe in His fold,
I rest secure from storms and cold.
I feed in pastures rich and green,
That are swept by winds blowing clear and clean.

He leads me where deep waters flow,
Fresh and sweet from the melted snow;
Where the scent of clover fills the air,
And all the world seems free from care.

He leads me homeward when the shadows fall;
Safe with my Saviour, no harm can befall;
He guides me onward through the darkest night,
His love enfolds me with its power and might.

The Lord is my shepherd; no want shall I know;
Safe in His fold, I need fear no foe;
Led by my Saviour, tho' shadows fall fast,
I know He will bring me safe home at last.

* * *

A LOGICAL MIND

A gentlemen who was a member of one of the aristocratic London clubs had his umbrella taken from the rack by some other member. Naturally he was offended, and promptly affixed this notice to the club bulletin board:

"The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on February 20 will please have the goodness to return it to the rack."

The house committee did not like the form of the notice and had the member before them.

"Why should you suppose a nobleman took your umbrella?" they asked him.

"Well," replied the aggrieved member, "the constitution of the club says that the members must be noblemen or gentlemen, and he was no gentleman who took my umbrella."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WHAT A THING TO SAY!

Emily, aged eight, had been spending a fortnight with her aunt, a lady who had small experience with children and less patience. After the little girl had come home a letter arrived from auntie making a report of the visit. Mother, says *Punch*, read the letter over and then called Emily to her.

"Emily," she said, "I'm sorry to say your aunt gives a very poor account of you. 'Naughty, untidy, unpunctual, untruthful, inclined to be imp—' "

"Does auntie really write all that?" interrupted Emily.

"Yes, she does."

Emily looked shocked. "What a thing to say to the child's own mother!" she cried.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

A TRUE STORY

A Vassar graduate was speaking. "I'm always awfully careful what I say and do when I'm visiting cases," she said. "You know it's probably the first time those people have ever come in contact with a lady, and it may be the last." A true story, dated not in the dark '80's, but in 1923. It recalls that distinguished national organization where common parlance at headquarters divides the workers into three classes: The "ladies," i. e., the volunteers of the board and special committees; the "secretaries," staff executives; and the "office force." We are not yet clear of the crinoline days of benevolence.—*Survey.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 2-5. Texas State Convention, New Castle.

Aug. 12-19. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. S. S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

* *

WHEN YOUNG PEOPLE GET TOGETHER

The Muncie Convention of 1923 has come and gone. In my mind is a series of blurred impressions, as if an exciting film had been run off before my eyes more rapidly than normal, so that there was no time to catch one's breath between thrills.

Better in almost every way, except in numbers, than the Convention a year ago at Worcester, and very much larger than the Chicago Convention of 1921, Muncie will not so much mark an epoch in the history of the Y. P. C. U. as register a further steady advance toward a closely-knit organization doing efficient work.

There are certain net results of the Convention that are more important than the business transacted, for they are written deep in the souls of young folk and will last as long as those souls shall live.

Fellowship

These young people have felt the bond of fellowship uniting them in needed service for Christ and His Church. Not one of them will be tempted to say, as some foolish ones do, "I can do as much good outside the church as in." They know they have done more because they were banded together.

Friendship

Along with this fellowship of all together many strong personal friendships have been begun or strengthened. There are boys who will always be chums, girls who will be dearest friends, though living many miles apart. And unless Muncie was different from every other Y. P. C. U. Convention, from it will date some of those glorious romances of youth which the Church shall bless and the state make legal.

As I journey about the country I visit again and again in homes that have been created out of these Convention friendships, and these homes are doubly blest: in them there is a love for the Church and its work which is one more tie that binds hearts together, and in them, too, is a quality of kindly consideration which makes these, truly, young people's Christian unions.

Fun

Of course every one had a good time at Muncie, and of course some had a better time than others. Those who did not hesitate to make friends had a better time than those who waited for others to come and make the first advances of friendship. Here is a good field for the practise of the Golden Rule. If you would like others to make friends with you when you feel diffident, open your own self first to them, even if it is difficult, and make friends with them. This rule will apply at Providence in October as well as at Muncie in July.

One net result of this Convention, as of earlier ones, will be to leave several hundred young people with the conviction that the best time in the world is associated with religion and the Church. Probably few Universalist young people have the old Puritan idea of religion, but many others have, and these Muncie Conventioners can help to disabuse others' minds of that old idea that life presents a choice, as some one has said, between joyless worth and worthless joy.

Consecration

The Christian Unioners who met at Muncie not only met with one another for fellowship, friendship and fun. They met God also, and have gone home with renewed consecration to work for Him and with Him in the service of mankind. At the consecration meeting on Sunday afternoon seven young people offered themselves for life service in our Church. Three of the girls came from one church—a church that a year ago sent two of its young men to St. Lawrence to prepare for the ministry. That is a record that should be published all around our Zion: five young people in two years. If the rest of us did half as well, proportionately, not only would our Church grow, but we should really "help God the world to save." Let us honor the minister and the church at Akron, Ohio, by going and doing likewise.

* *

INTRODUCING NEW LEADERS

If the experience of the past proves anything, the young people chosen at Muncie to lead in the work of the Y. P. C. U. during the coming year will, in the course of ten or fifteen years, stand among the recognized leaders of the Church, in the General Convention, the General Sunday School Association, the Women's Missionary Association, the Universalist Comrades, the Publishing House and in our schools and colleges. The Church should get acquainted with them now, so they are introduced here.

Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, of Minneapolis, assistant pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, is the new president. He served as vice-president last year, having graduated from the combined Arts and Divinity Course at St. Lawrence in 1921.

Earle C. McKinstry, of All Souls Church, Worcester, Mass., begins his service on the Y. P. C. U. Board as its vice-president. He was the first president of the Central Massachusetts League, and has served as Staff-Artist of *Onward*.

Edgar T. Williams of Chattanooga, Tenn., has served two years on the Executive Board of the Union, having charge of the Union-at-Large. At Muncie he was promoted to be secretary-treasurer.

Members of the Board

Two other new members were added to the Board at Muncie: Robert M. Rice, one of the Akron boys already mentioned, who went to St. Lawrence last year, and who will superintend the work of the Union-at-Large, and Russell S. Smith of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, but formerly of Arlington, Mass., a member of the Illinois State Y. P. C. U. Board, who will have charge of the Legion of the Cross, through which most of the Union's missionary funds are raised.

The other members of the Board, elected at the Worcester Convention for two year terms, are Miss Marion Griffith of Tuttle Church, Minneapolis, formerly Minnesota's state president, who has charge of the missionary education work of the Union, and Miss Grace Nash of Cincinnati, who has held the office of president in her local, district, and state Unions, and who is now the superintendent of devotional work.

* *

FERRY BEACH, 1924

Next year the Y. P. C. U. Convention will go back to Ferry Beach. The young people are planning now to attend. Every church ought to plan to send some of its outstanding young people there. It will be the "off-year" of the General Convention, so every minister ought to plan to send its minister, not to talk, but to sit and drink in inspiration from the fountain of youth. There will be no despair or even doubt for the future if one attends and catches the spirit of such gatherings as these.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.

On train in Kentucky, July 19.

* *

We are living now by justice, honor and mercy, by the moral mastery of ourselves and of our time; and this life while in time is not of time; it is life in God and for God; it is the life of freedom; it is free from anxiety, fear, doubt, despair, death; it is content with God and with its fate in God. *George A. Gordon.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

"DO YOUR CHRISTMAS PLANNING EARLY"

So many friends have asked us for suggestions as to suitable Christmas gifts to send to the Blackmer Home and the Midori Kindergarten that I am going to ask you to let me answer them through the *Leader*.

For the kindergarten children—all sorts of toys, pencils, games (such as ring toss and those that need no written directions), crayons, drawing books in which to trace

MRS. ROWE AND MATSU

or color pictures, "play-horse" reins, ribbons, rosettes for hair ornaments, aprons—*any* kind of apron—dolls, stuffed animals, paper dolls, handkerchiefs and stockings.

Avoid the word "toys" in your customs declaration, and avoid overvaluation of contents of packages, as that increases the duty we have to pay on them.

For Blackmer Home girls—pencils of the Eversharp type, pencil box sets, note and address books, booklets of illustrated verse, hair ribbons, warm gloves, cotton stockings, pocket books, pictures, large hairpins, combs, barrettes, English reading books, third grade and up, post card albums, tennis balls, games, one yard lengths of wide embroidery or lace (which they use on undersleeves), writing paper, dustcaps, aprons, and, as some of the girls are beginning to wear American style clothing, petticoats, underwear, middy-blouses, sizes fourteen to sixteen.

Tei asks me to include also a request for easy piano pieces, sheet music.

I have many requests for knitting and crocheting patterns.

May I, through the *Leader*, also express my gratitude to kind friends who have sent us pictures for the Home. We are now well supplied until we come to furnish the new building, which we hear with profound joy is soon to be ours.

Most gratefully yours,
Alice G. Rowe.

* *

REJOICING IN JAPAN

Dear Mrs. Allen:

Your letter of May 14 containing the good news that we may proceed with the building of the Midori Kindergarten was received Sunday. It made us all very happy. The matter will be pushed at once, and we hope that the work can be started very soon. The details have been turned over to the missionaries at the Home, and they have already been in consultation with the architect regarding the cost of the plan which was sent on to you.

We feel that you have done good work for our cause here, and sincerely trust that when the building is completed and O-Matsu-San and her helpers are at work, a new epoch will begin in the history of the mission. I believe that it will, and that the years will prove that our new Social Building was one of the best investments ever made by our Church for constructive Christian service.

Cordially yours,
Samuel Gilbert Ayres.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

HONOR LIST FROM DIVINE PATERNITY MISSION

From the superintendent of the Mission comes a splendid report of the Brevoort Mission Sunday school, which was organized in 1857. Mrs. Charles A. Needham has a record of perfect attendance for over forty years; Miss Freda Nehls of over thirty years; Mr. Ove C. Sparre, the superintendent, twenty-nine years; Miss Clara A. Riepe, Social Worker, twenty-nine years; Mrs. K. Moody, eighteen years; and Mr. Ralph Hayes, fifteen years. We hope to have an additional list of those whose record of perfect attendance places them on the Honor List, although with not so many years to their credit.

While we do not include on the present Honor List the names of any deceased, the unusual record of several devoted members of the Mission Sunday school deserves especial mention. Dr. George G. Needham had a record of perfect attendance covering a period of over fifty years, Mr. Charles A. Needham over forty years and Miss Amy Montrose over forty years.

Let us have more reports from other schools.

* *

EXTRA DAY AT PROVIDENCE

The Convention at Providence next October will begin a day earlier than has been previously announced; it will open on Saturday, the twentieth, instead of on Sunday, the twenty-first. This will give us the same periods that we had at the highly successful Convention in Detroit. The Saturday sessions will be devoted to institutes, when some of the brightest and best of our Sunday school workers will give us the counsels of success.

* *

A WAY TO MAKE MONEY

Quite a good many of our schools are earning handsome sums by selling good chocolate, thus being able to accumulate money for equipment, for sending members to conventions and institutes and for various other good causes. We can supply the address of a firm desiring agents and said to be reliable and satisfactory. No, we do not get a commission. We are just trying to help along.

* *

WHAT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MEANS TO ME. III

A Bright Girl, by Writing Her Own Ideas in Her Own Way, Helps Adults to Understand Juvenile Tastes

I like to go to Sunday school so I can learn more about the Bible. We have books that we study from. Each one takes a question. The next Sunday we recite upon it. I like my teacher and also the girls in the class. I like my Sunday school papers. The best of the papers is the *Wellspring*. I appreciate it very much. It has long stories which I enjoy reading. The Sunday school has parties, too, which I like to attend. First they take up a collection, then we have a prayer, then we play games. After that we have a lunch. Then we go home.

One time last summer it seemed to me that I just could not resist taking the chance to go to Sunday school. We live three and one-half miles from town and the day was warm. I did not overtake anyone walking, and no one asked me to ride. I walked back with my friend Ethel, and we did not reach home until about three o'clock. I was so hungry and tired that I wasn't sure for two or three days whether I loved Sunday school or not. But I was ready to go again when the next Sunday came.

Now we have a Ford and we go nearly every Sunday, and try to take Miss Jackson, and my friends Ethel and Theresa. This is what Sunday school means to me.

Marguerite Eberly (*age* 11).

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. De Witt C. Reilly of Herkimer, N. Y., is spending his vacation at his summer home in Branchport, N. Y.

Rev. C. H. Pennoyer of Attleboro is now located for the summer at the Clara Barton Birthplace in North Oxford. The telephone number is Oxford 11, ring 14.

Rev. E. V. Stevens, now living at 46th St. and Arlington Ave., Indianapolis, is available for summer preaching or any special services. Will be glad to supply during the vacation or meet any special appointment. Post-office is Route J, box 64, Indianapolis. Can be reached by phone through the Lawrence Exchange, call Frank Hansing.

Rev. C. Ellwood Nash is making slow but certain recovery of health. His operation was much more serious than anticipated. He is able to get up and has been to ride for a short distance, but he is exceedingly weak and it will be a long time before he will preach. Until the vacation the pulpit of the Los Angeles church is being supplied.

Georgia

Atlanta.—Rev. Ernest J. Bowden, pastor. We are keeping open this summer in response to a widespread sentiment against being the only church in Atlanta to close our doors. It is too early yet to report definite results.

Maine

Bangor.—Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., pastor. All services at our church closed on the last Sunday in June for the summer vacation. Dr. Smith has accepted the summer pastorate at the East Eddington Universalist chapel for the months of July and August. A cordial invitation has been extended to Bangor parishioners to attend services there. Five parties have booked for the Hersey Retreat at Sandy Point, and the children of the Sunday school and their mothers are enjoying their annual week's vacation at the seashore, the privileges of which were made possible by our generous benefactor, General Hersey. The services at our church for Mothers' Sunday, May 13, were arranged with particular attention to the observance of the day. Special music, suited to the occasion, was rendered, which added to the impressiveness of the splendid sermon delivered by Dr. Smith on "Our Divine Motherhood." On June 10 our pastor exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. F. Thompson of the Dover-Foxcroft Universalist church, who preached a very inspiring sermon and who was listened to with great interest. Children's Sunday was observed with the "Christening and Dedication Service." Twelve children from the Cradle Rol department were christened at this service. During the Sunday school hour an excellent program of recitations and musical numbers was presented by the children of the Sunday school. Dr. Smith delivered a very inspiring address at the meeting of the Maine Universalists which was held at Tacoma Lake, July 8. Services at the Bangor church will be resumed Sept. 9.

Pittsfield.—Rev. Sidney J. Willis, pastor. After five years of faithful service our pastor has resigned to accept an urgent call to the Biddeford parish, taking up the work there the first of September. During Mr. Willis' pastorate all departments of the church have had a most wonderful growth. One hundred and eight have been added to the church membership alone, the Sunday school has grown from an average of about fifty to considerably more than one hundred, and other organizations accordingly. Junior and Senior Clara Barton Guilds and Camp-fire Girls organizations have been formed and are in flourishing condition. Candidates will be heard when the church opens in September and a splendid field awaits an energetic and consecrated leader.

New York

Gloversville.—We are more than holding our own in spite of the handicap of having an evening service only. Rev. DeWitt C. Reilly comes over from Herkimer every Sunday for an evening service; but our great need is a resident pastor. Our Sunday school, though not large, is very efficiently conducted, and we have a very active Ladies' Aid Society and a corps of workers any church could be proud of. Our Sunday school is not only self-supporting, but contributes annually to the support of the church and to the various missionary causes. No Sunday school in the State has a more devoted and efficient superintendent than our own Lewis Wells.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,382
Canandaigua, N. Y.	2
Total	1,384

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 629. Canandaigua, N. Y., 2. Victor, N. Y., 4. Bangor, Me., 12. Pittsfield, Maine, 8. Total, 655.

* *

OPENING AT MURRAY GROVE

Murray Grove opened auspiciously on Sunday, July 15, with thirty-three cheerful people. Everybody was at church in the morning to hear a splendid sermon by Dr. McGlauflin. An added pleasure was the singing of Mrs. McGlauflin. The dinner was a treat and the whole day pleasant in every way. The first mail brought a number of letters asking for reservations and they are coming every day. We are looking forward to the biggest season we have ever had. The new addition on the Ballou House has added greatly to its attractiveness.

* *

Notices

FERRY BEACH FAIR

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Ferry Beach Park Association will hold their annual Fair Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 2 p. m. We earnestly ask the co-operation of all women interested in Ferry Beach. Gifts of salable articles would be much appreciated. Many of the local aid societies in the various churches can aid in this work. The chairman of the Fair committee is Miss Martha J. Marshall, 107 Bridgham St., Providence, R. I. Every dollar received from this fair goes to make a bigger and better Ferry Beach.

Please send all parcels for the Fair directly to Ferry Beach. Parcel post packages should be sent to "The Quillen House, Saco, Maine," and express packages to "The Quillen House, Old Orchard, Me."

Mrs. William R. Thomson,
President Ladies' Aid Society.

35 *Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.*

* *

MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

The following program will reveal that the coming season at Murray Grove is likely to surpass any preceding one in attractiveness and attenance.

July 26, 28 and 30 and August 1, beautifully illustrated travelogues by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Sunday, July 29—Preaching service by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Sunday, Aug. 5—Preaching service by Rev. Roger F. Etz.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Birthday Party.

Sunday, Aug. 12—Preaching service by Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D.

Thursday, Aug. 16—Annual business meeting.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18—Annual fair.

Sunday, Aug. 19—Preaching service by Rev. Maude Lyon Carey.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25—Institute of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Preaching service by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR, 1923

The Annual Fair for the benefit of the Murray Grove Association will be held at Murray Grove August 17 and 18 under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Crowell, Jr., assisted by Miss Hattie E. Miller.

Will you be one to help make $1,000?

Kindly send all donations of money, fancy and useful articles to either member of the committee.

Address until Aug. 1, Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y. After that date to Murray Grove House, Forked River, New Jersey.

* *

DELOS THOMPSON HOME

The annual meeting at the Delos H. Thompson Home for aged ladies at Waldron, Ind., will be held Aug. 5, 1923. *Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.*

FERRY BEACH, MAINE

Season of 1923

Preaching services will be held in the Grove with the following speakers:

Sunday, July 29, a. m. Dr. W. R. Rowland; p. m. Rev. Clinton Scott.
Wednesday, Aug. 1, p. m. Rev. L. G. Williams, Reading, Pa.
Sunday, Aug. 5, a. m. Rev. Eleanor Forbes; p. m. Rev. Elmer Colcord.
Wednesday, Aug. 8, p. m. Dr. Lee McCollester.
Sunday, Aug. 12, a. m. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson; p. m. Rev. Fred Line.
Wednesday, Aug. 15, a. m., to be announced.
Sunday, Aug. 19, a. m. Rev. Ellsworth Reamon; p. m. Y. P. C. U. Leaders.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On July 7 the following transfers were made: Rev. Harold H. Niles to the General Convention, and Rev. Roger F. Etz to the Massachusetts Convention.

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

June 28, 1923, transfer of George F. Morton from Pennsylvania and of Mary Andrews Conner from Missouri accepted this day.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

* *

ALL DAY MEETING IN INDIANA

An all day grove meeting will be held on Sunday, July 29, near Mentone, Ind., on Winona Traction. Rev. W. O. Bodell of Galveston will preach, both morning and afternoon. Special music by high school orchestra.

* *

UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION

Meeting of the Board of Trustees

The Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will hold a special meeting at the Headquarters Building, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., on July 30 and 31, beginning at 10 a. m. July 30.

* *

1923 YEAR BOOK

The Universalist Year Book for 1923 is ready for distribution. This issue contains 176 pages giving the reports of the General Convention and auxiliary bodies, necrology, directories of general organizations, State Conventions and local churches. The price of the book is one dollar, with discount for ministers and church officers.

Order from Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., cash to be sent with order.

* *

PROVIDENCE 1923 CONVENTION

The Board of Trustees, through its chairman, has appointed the following as a general Committee of Arrangements for the next session of the Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923: President Roger S. Galer, Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., and Secretary Roger F. Etz, with representatives from Providence to be added.

Suggestions to be considered by the Committee will be welcomed. Send correspondence to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

SENDING MONEY TO JAPAN

The General Convention is always glad to forward money to any of our workers in Japan from individuals or organizations. Those who desire to send money direct to Japan will find that the simplest and easiest way to send small amounts is by Postal Money Order. These may be obtained at most money order post offices throughout the country for either dollars or yen. This is a more convenient form for small sums than a bank draft, as it may be cashed more easily in Japan by the recipient.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

WANTED

Copies of "Gospel Melodies New and Old." Address Miss Clara Magrew, 864 S. Main St., Urbana, O.

* *

Obituary

Chauncey B. Woodworth

On May 18 the long and exemplary life of Chauncey B. Woodworth of Norwich, Conn., came to a peaceful close in the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital in Boston where he went for treatment.

During his lifetime he was a friend to man, a faithful Christian gentleman. He was always doing good in a way known only to himself and the recipient. He was a member of F. A. and M. and of the Universalist Church of the Good Shepherd. For eleven years he was superintendent of the Sunday school and for many years the assistant superintendent. At different times he had filled all the offices of the church.

In the important positions he filled he proved very capable, courteous, loyal to his employers and ambitious to do his full duty. He was a most devoted husband, and kindly and sympathetic as a brother. As a manly man and a good citizen the life of Mr. Woodworth was above reproach.

On Oct. 7, 1872, he was married to Sarah E. Huntington by Rev. J. M. Paine, then pastor of the Norwich church. In 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth quietly celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Woodworth and a sister survive him. In his will he remembered the local Universalist church and the Connecticut State Convention.

Funeral services were held May 22 at his home, Rev. A. N. Foster, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, officiated, assisted by a former pastor, Rev. Joseph F. Cobb.

Martha C. Taylor

Miss Martha C. Taylor died in Lebanon, N. H., July 2. She was born in Washington, Vt., Feb. 3, 1836, and spent her entire life there until ten years ago, when she went to Lebanon to be with her sister and family. Besides her sister, who is the widow of Rev. Mark Powers, she is survived by a nephew, N. C. Powers of White River Junction, and a niece, the wife of Dr. E. E. Dean of Lebanon, at whose home she died. Rev. C. A. Simmons officiated at the funeral, which was from the Universalist church in Washington, Vt., where she was a member and where she had been a regular attendant from early childhood.

The Image of God

By

Edwin C. Sweetser, D. D.

Twenty-five sermons embodying the ripest thought and deepest experience of Dr. Sweetser's fifty years' ministry.

A vital message for every thoughtful Universalist.

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"A brief, plain statement of what Universalists have believed in days past and of what they are believing now, in this new age, with its new Bible, its new science, its new psychology, sociology, economics and theology."

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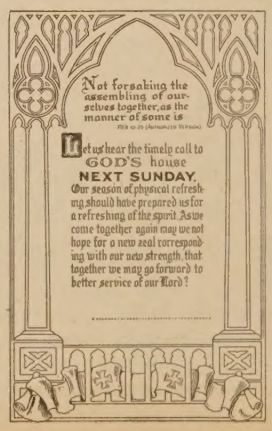

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. LEROY W. COONS, D. D., *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
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Crackling

Just like the girls to change to impedingly long skirts as leap year approaches.—*Boston Herald.*

* *

New York might find Prohibition not so bad after all if it would just try it once.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

* *

A prominent playwright was in Atlantic City, supervising one of his plays. One night he saw an old scrub-woman bent over her work.

Thinking to give her a treat, the playwright stopped and asked her, "Would you like to go to a theater, to-morrow night?"

The woman looked up, studied his face earnestly, then said: "I can't go to-morrow night. Can't you get some other night off?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

* *

A weary-looking fellow who had opened all the doors looking for work happened to see a huge police advertisement, headed:

"MURDERER WANTED!"

"Well," he said, scratching his head, "it's better'n nothing, anyhow. I'm going in and ask for the job!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

* *

"And has he learned to talk yet?"

"My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."—*Life.*

* *

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broken when it tips over."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Grandmother had come to visit her son, the pastor, and Mary, her five-year-old granddaughter, was entertaining her with the story of a wonderful dog.

Mary: "And the dog flew and fl-e-w and fl-e-e-ew away up into the sky."

Grandmother (reprovingly): "Now, Mary, tell it right: you know a dog can't fly."

Mary (triumphantly): "Oh, yes, grandmother, that dog could fly; it was a bird dog."—*St. Louis Christian-Evangelist.*

* *

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

"That was a great and good man, Sandy," said the American; "a lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," said the Scot, "I prasume he talked through his nose like the rest of ye."—*Exchange.*

* *

Two hundred readers of the *Register* heard this authentic utterance from the lips of a former noted public officer, at one of the May meetings: "Let us stem the tide which is seeking to turn back the clock and to play into the hands of those who do not realize that this situation is charged with dynamite."—*Christian Register.*

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